

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA HOME JOURNAL.

Devoted to Social, Political, Literary, Musical and Dramatic Gossip.

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THE BRITISH COLUMBIA HOME JOURNAL is published every Saturday morning at 77 Johnson street, Victoria. Subscription, \$1.00, invariably in advance.

CORRESPONDENTS—THE HOME JOURNAL is desirous of securing a reliable correspondent in every town in British Columbia—one whose letters will present a complete and accurate record of the social happenings in his or her locality.

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SATURDAY OCTOBER 13, 1894.

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

*"I must have liberty,
Withal as large a charter as the wind—
To blow on whom I please."*

WITH this issue, THE HOME JOURNAL enters upon its fourth year of publication, and, in accordance with the long-established custom, a few remarks as to the record and future policy of the paper will be made.

In the first place, it should be said, that at no time in the history of this paper has its prospects been more prolific of substantial results than at the present moment. It would be exaggeration to state that at times it was not a struggle to keep the craft together, but, with able seamanship, storm after storm was weathered, and the ship is now safe in harbor. The fact of the matter is it was arranged by the promoters of THE HOME JOURNAL that should the time ever arrive when, even for one week, the paper should fail to pay for itself, that same week would terminate its existence. Practical newspaper men have long accepted as an indisputable principle that the best thing to do with a paper when it ceases to pay for itself is to consign it to the boneyard without further ceremony. Fortunately, no such contingency was ever reached in the case of THE HOME JOURNAL, and to-day it stands forth in all the virility of manhood's estate.

Since the time when this paper was first launched on the turbulent waters of

journalism, there have been other newspaper ventures undertaken in this Province, and in nearly every instance, after a somewhat uncertain existence, have passed to that bourne from which no newspaper returns. In nearly every case, lack of newspaper experience was the rock on which they foundered, and if they ever succeeded in filling a long-felt want, it was the yawning abyss into which they were precipitated. However, it will continue thus to the end of the world.

If the lugubrations of cranks are not permitted space in the columns of respectable newspapers, they will find some other means of reaching the public. The clergyman is a crank on religion, and because his sermons do not receive precedence in the local publication he starts a paper of his own. The shoemaker has a scheme for the amelioration of his fellowmen, and he forsakes his last, for the more uncertain means of securing a livelihood—the publication of a newspaper. The aspirant for political honors sees in the newspaper a medium through which he can strike an enemy a blow, worm his way into the confidence of the people and reach the goal of his ambition. He starts a paper; but he rarely succeeds in his object. The curbstone insurance fakir, with case-hardened cuticle resulting from the numerous sneers and slurs of a persistently persecuted public, starts a newspaper, and what constitutes the "most unkindest out of all," unblushingly writes himself down "journalist." Shades of Thackeray, Yates and Greeley in your ethereal state can you conceive of lower journalistic degradation! The pettifogging lawyer, realizing his incompetence, for a season casts aside Blackstone, gets a hair edge on his scissors, poses as a "journalist," and prostitutes the noble profession of letters by pilfering from London periodicals. The school teacher, (and it is a safe estimate to say that nine out of every ten instructors of the young, idea imagine themselves heaven-born journalists) deserts the school-room to engage in newspaper work. And so on to the end of the chapter; but it is rare indeed, when a success is scored by these self-styled "journalists." Doubtless, they imagine, that the only qualification essential to success is the indulgence in

unprofessional methods—methods that would disgrace the most contemptible knave of the Cheap John species. Though they wither and die, the germ sources from which they sprang into being still remain, and every year a new brood is turned out on the cold world to perish.

Of THE HOME JOURNAL it can truthfully be said that it never resorted to other than legitimate methods to acquire a circulation—one which, it is pleasing to note, exceeds the combined results attained by all other weekly publications in this Province. As to its future policy, it might be well to intimate that it will adhere uncompromisingly to the advocacy of those principles of right and justice as against might and injustice—principles, I am constrained to remark, that are firmly rooted in the breast of every true-born, patriotic Briton—and in doing so, it is not afraid to entrust its destiny to that great jury, public opinion, which, as Junius has said, cannot err.

Everyone who attended our great industrial and agricultural show last week must concur in the gratifying view that it was an unqualified success. Visitors were surprised and delighted at the varied display and the excellent taste shewn in placing the exhibits. The weather was unpropitious, and militated against large gate receipts, but in spite of every disadvantage during the early part of the week, the attendance was flattering, and it is matter of rejoicing to hear that the grand weather of Friday and Saturday drew large crowds, and that there is every prospect of a surplus. The manufacturers deserve especial mention, and it is encouraging to note in these generally accounted hard times, that not only is Victoria holding her own in the producing line, but is really branching out into a development that augurs well for a prospective commanding position among the commercial cities of the coast. The work of our manufacturers would compare with any in point of merit, and it only needs acquaintance with the quality of work turned out here, to obtain constant and increasing markets for everything we can make. The fruits and vegetables were magnificent, and called forth admiration. The paintings and drawings shown by local artists cannot be passed

over without adverting to a significant sign of the times. There is evidence that Victoria will soon possess a list of artists, who will excel in landscape painting. This is a departure that will be eagerly welcomed, for where in the world could more inspiring grandeur in natural scenery be presented than in the immediate environments of Victoria. Here at our very door, lie pictures, which, if faithfully portrayed on canvass, would bring fame and wealth to fortunate genius.

Our exhibition was a tame affair, if potentialities are taken into consideration. This is essentially a country of great resources in mineral, fish and lumber. Efforts should be made to have a display of these great provincial roads to wealth. Victoria is the metropolis, and we should strive to focus as many industries as possible in our midst, and prove that our business men are alive to every condition affecting provincial prosperity. I heard with great satisfaction that the Board of Trade intend introducing plans, whereby we shall have a permanent exhibition in our city of mineral, fish and lumber.

This is a creditable undertaking, and I am sure that every progressive citizen will hail with delight and gratitude this laudable move. The Board of Trade has ever been foremost in initiating measures for our benefit, and this latest project only exemplifies the usefulness and sound sense of the business men, who constitute the members of this enlightened, wide-awake institution. I want to see this city awaken from its protracted lethargy and put on a spurt of activity. Our interests are no doubt affected by external depression, but there is much we can do right now to better our condition, and make life worth the living. Come, people, bestir yourselves. Don't sit idly by, and put the blame on the City Council. The fault lies in your own slumbering selves. If the municipal body does not show a spirit in touch with your demands, there is a way of putting in men who will carry out your wishes. This city is too antiquated. We must have paved streets. Don't say you are going to have them. Get right down to work, and insist on having them now. The water that the city is selling you is foul and impure as can be. See that that \$150,000 brings something in return, and is not wasted. The city paid for certain chemical analyses of our water. Why aren't the reports of these specialists published? Prick yourselves into something like attention to all our wants. Before dropping this subject, I wish to point out something that may be considered chimerical by moss-backs, but which really presents no difficulty, and could be carried out to a happy consummation, if anything like energy were shown. The plan I have in view is briefly this: In the

centre of the city, in some position of ready access, an entire block of land should be expropriated, and a handsome structure erected to serve as a permanent exhibition of our resources, with sufficient accommodation for a large city library. The present library is a shame and disgrace. Space should also be provided for hanging the best pictures by local artists. The grounds surrounding the building should be beautified with walks and fountains. If a large concert hall or theatre were run in connection with the other attractions, it would not be long before, with prudent management, the enterprise would be revenue-producing. The more conservative of this tortoise-paced community will scoff at the idea, but nothing should be too large or elegant for us. We should aim at the very topmost pinnacle of civic achievement and development.

To the Editor of THE HOME JOURNAL.

SIR—I would like to know if there is any redress for a woman who has been subjected to gross indignities by a druggist in the performance of his ordinary duties. I am the unfortunate person, and if you require further particulars, I shall be pleased to enter into more elaborate details. Yours Truly AIMEE.

Newspapers, as a general rule, do not give publicity to communications not accompanied with the name of the writer, as happens to be the fact in the case of the above, for the reason that the sincerity of the correspondent is at least open to suspicion. But as "Aimee's" complaint amounts to almost a public grievance, an exception is made in her case. I would fain believe that the druggist of whom "Aimee" complains is not a resident of this city, but as the envelope in which her letter is enclosed bears the postmark "Victoria," there can be little doubt as to the abode of the human viper.

In the ordinary course of their duties, repeated opportunities are afforded apothecaries and apothecaries' clerks of discussing subjects with their customers not generally regarded as appropriate topics of drawing-room conversation. The confidence of the wife and the daughter are therefore frequently confided in their druggist, and to the honor of the profession, be it said, that the case is rare indeed where this confidence has been betrayed. Professional secrecy applies with equal force to the lawyer, the priest, the doctor, and the editor. Would the priest reveal the secrets of the confessional? Would the editor disclose the name of a correspondent? A thousand times, no! However, I would infer that the above complaint is not a betrayal of confidence, but rather a case in which a druggist has taken an unwarranted liberty of speech with some female customer.

For this there certainly should be some

redress, and if "Aimee" will communicate with this office she will be placed in a position to prosecute the creature, who apparently descends to base practices in order to satiate the cravings of his lascivious heart. I trust my correspondent will enlighten me further, so that a thorough investigation may be at once instituted.

There is a movement on foot to organize a Canadian club. Victoria cannot be said to be badly supplied with clubs already, there being the Union Club, the Pacific Club and another, I believe, the Bad-man-ton Club. The qualifications required to become a member of the new club will be birth in any of the now confederated provinces of the Dominion before or since confederation. The principal object of the new club, as near as I can learn, will be the development of a Canadian national sentiment. It is not, I am told, the intention nor the desire of the gentlemen interesting themselves in the formation of the new club to do anything that would create a suspicion in the minds of the most patriotic subjects of Her Majesty the Queen that they will be any the less lovers of British institutions than they are now. Any movement that will have for its object the development of a Canadian national sentiment will receive the unqualified assistance of THE HOME JOURNAL. It is the duty of every Canadian to do his share in making this grand Dominion worthy of the position which it should occupy as an important factor in the greatest empire upon which the sun ever shone. Perhaps the qualifications as stated above are a little too close. There are many who were not fortunate enough to have been born in British North America, but who are yet patriotic Canadians. To my mind, it would be wise to make an exception in such cases.

The citizens of Vancouver decided the other day, by their votes at the polls to own their own electric lighting plant. But how will the thing work? Will the electric lighting department, as has been the case in Victoria, regulate the lighting by the rule of thumb, or something equally as reliable, and continue to give lights when they are not wanted, and when the darkness is such as can be felt, neglect to afford the necessary illumination? Let us pray, as doubtless do the people of Vancouver, "Lighten our darkness."

Vancouver Island coal, now that the U. S. duty has been removed, is being sold in the Sound cities, where it meets with an excellent demand, owing to its superior quality, in considerable quantities. According to the Seattle papers, it is sold for \$1 per ton less than it can b

had for here. It will be remembered that some time since, owing to the high price demanded by the local companies, the people of Vancouver imported considerable quantities of coal from the vicinity of Seattle. The existing condition of affairs show how things change, albeit the testimony on all hands is largely in favor of the superior excellence of the coal of the Nanaimo basin.

THE HOME JOURNAL is always pleased to note the success of its neighbors in the newspaper business. Frequently mention has been made of the enterprise exhibited by the *Times* management in their desire to produce a paper worthy the patronage of British Columbians. The *Times*, like Alexander, is desirous of conquering more worlds, and in order to meet the demand for a great newspaper, it has erected for itself a building, which future generations will point to as a monument of the genius and wisdom of its manager. In their new quarters, the *Times* people are afforded every facility demanded by a modern newspaper and THE HOME JOURNAL extends its hearty congratulations.

The following from the *Toronto Globe* is, I believe, a reflection on the intelligence of Hon. Thomas Keith, the leader of the Nanaimo Liberals: "At Nanaimo, the Liberals presented an address to Mr. Laurier, in which they expressed approval of a bimetallic legal tender currency. They doubtless meant a bimetallic currency such as is at present in existence in the Dominion, not such as the United States Government tried, without success, to establish."

BY DAY'S LABOR.

The Victoria Trades and Labor Council have once more placed themselves on record as favoring the continuance of the sewerage system by day's labor and the course of Alderman Ledingham and those who voted with him will be remembered to their advantage when the time comes for the voters to say something as to the selection of aldermen. THE COMMERCIAL JOURNAL has not hesitated to express itself in favor of carrying on as much work as possible under the system of day's labor, the experience having been that if the contractors did not employ Chinese labor they have had no consideration for the workingman who resides here and contributes his full share of the taxes, but have been accustomed to bring over from the Sound cities and elsewhere labor that came here to-day and was gone to-morrow, or so soon as the particular job in question was completed.

In this respect they have been no better than the Chinamen, to prevent whose employment clauses have been inserted

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS.

IMPORTS.

The following is a summary of the quantity, value and duty on imports at the port of Victoria for the month of September, 1894:

ARTICLES.	VALUE.	DUTY.
Ale, beer and porter.....	\$ 1,919	\$ 600 32
Animals.....	2,027	585 40
Books, pamphlets, etc.....	2,443	698 82
Brass and manufactures of..	267	78 70
Breadstuffs—grain of all kinds	6	1 80
Flour.....	3,707	1,252 53
Meal, corn and oat.....	4,493	1,500 22
Rice.....	120	16 40
Other breadstuffs.....	10,510	4,964 93
Bicycles, Tricycles, Velocipedes and parts of.....	2,988	601 27
Cars—railway and tram.....		
Coal, bituminous.....		
Copper and manufactures of	114	34 20
Cottons, bleached or unbleached:		
not dyed, colored, etc	84	20 65
bleached, dyed, etc...	3,654	1,096 20
clothing.....	1,251	416 65
thread not on spools, yarn, warp, etc...	4	50
thread on spools.....	1	25
all other manufactures	1,127	376 95
Drugs and medicines.....	2,294	646 05
Earthen, stone & Chinaware	148	44 40
Fancy goods & embroideries:		
Bracelets, braids, fringes, etc	534	160 20
Laces, collars, nettings, etc	640	192 00
All other fancy goods.....	1,226	372 35
Fish and products of.....	2,444	556 34
Fruits and nuts dried.....	1,871	505 95
Green, oranges and lemons	355	21 65
All other.....	5,063	1,601 99
Furs, manufactures of.....	662	165 50
Glass, manufactures of—		
Bottles, jars, etc.....	250	75 00
Window glass.....	398	139 52
Plate glass.....		
All other manufactures	584	168 90
Gunpowder & explosive substances.....	645	193 50
Gutta percha, manuf's of....	6,437	1,916 02
Hats, caps, and bonnets, beaver, silk or felt.....	3,185	955 50
All other.....	1,024	307 20
Iron and steel and manuf's of		
Band, hoop, sheet, plate.	45	2 25
Bar iron & railway bars	905	280 00
Cutlery, hardware, etc	2,559	621 90
Machines, machinery, etc	683	195 75
Pig iron, kentledge, etc.		
Stoves and castings.....	542	146 59
Tubing.....	1,101	152 61
All other manufactures	2,677	703 56
Jewelry & watches & manuf's of gold and silver.....	129	32 25
Lead and manufactures of....	295	60 08
Leather, all kinds.....	251	43 14
Boots and shoes.....	1,097	274 25
All other manuf's....	1,707	367 05
Marble & stone & manuf's of.	53	12 70
Metals and manufactures of.	304	87 67
Musical instruments.....	1,307	430 45
Oil, mineral and products of.	4,085	1,062 60
Flaxseed or linseed.....	563	112 60
All other.....	1,285	309 25
Paints and colors.....	252	25 95
Paper, envelopes, etc.....	371	107 86
Pickles, sauces, capers.....	477	166 95
Provisions, lard, meats, fresh and salt.....	6,442	1,130 20
Butter, cheese....	389	60 19
Seeds and roots.....	342	36 90
Silk, manufactures of.....	9,244	2,811 69
Soap, all kinds.....	187	61 76
Spices, ground & unground.	6	1 50
Spirits, all kinds.....	5,035	9,155 37
Wines, sparkling.....	1,098	573 60
other than sparkling	765	755 98
Molasses.....		
Tobacco and cigars.....	2,308	2,683 94
Vegetables.....	1,302	327 00
Wood, manufactures of.....	443	109 80
Wollens: Carpets, brussels and tapestry....	2,148	644 40
Clothing.....	5,013	1,738 57
Cloths, worsteds, etc	948	297 05
Dress goods.....	4,970	1,491 00
Knitted goods.....	1,382	483 70
Shawls.....	547	136 75
Yarns.....	225	65 05
All other manuf's....	450	166 73

All other dutiable goods.....	40,177	9,485 89
Total dutiable goods.....	\$167,964	\$57,680 42
Free goods.....	61,703	
Coin and bullion.....		
Grand total.....	\$229,667	\$57,680 42

The following are the free goods entered at the port of Victoria for the month of September, 1894:

FREE GOODS.	
Animals for improvement of stock...	\$ 6 00
Articles for use of Army and Navy...	27,268 00
Asphaltum or Asphalt.....	
Broom Corn.....	
Coffee.....	1,661 00
Cotton waste.....	96 00
Dyes, chemicals, etc.....	5,062 00
Fish and products of.....	388 00
Fisheries, articles for, nets, seines, etc.	83 00
Fruits, bananas, olives, pineapples, etc	300 00
Fur, skins not dressed.....	120 00
Grease for soap making, etc.....	1,511 00
Hides and skins.....	
India rubber and gutta percha, crude	
Metals—Brass and copper.....	4,970 00
Iron and steel, all other.....	
Tin and zinc.....	92 00
Other.....	17 00
Oils, vegetable.....	212 00
Salt.....	753 00
Settlers' effects.....	5,589 00
Sugar.....	
Tea.....	3,215 00
Tobacco leaf.....	446 00
Wood, cabinetmakers, etc.....	56 00
All other free goods.....	4,859 00
Total.....	\$ 61,703 00
Coin and bullion.....	
Total free goods.....	\$ 61,703 00

EXPORTS

From the port of Victoria, for the month of September, 1894—the produce of Canada:

THE MINE.	QUANTITY.	VALUE
Coal.....	tons 416	2,080
Gold dust, nuggets, etc.....		28,465
THE FISHERIES.		
Fish of all descriptions.....		315,726
Fish oil.....	gals 800	360
Furs or skins of creatures living in the water.....		350,910
ANIMALS AND THEIR PRODUCE.		
Wool.....	lbs 4,038	343
Other articles.....		58,919
AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.		
Fruits—green.....		71
Indian and other meal.....	bbls 3	15
MANUFACTURES.		
Boots.....		2
Liquors—spiruous & malt of all kinds.....	gals 8	17
Sewing machines.....	1	7
Wood, manufactures of.....		10
Other articles.....		1,757
Grand total.....		\$ 758,682
Goods, not the product of Canada, for the month of September, 1894:		
QUANTITY. VALUE		
Agricultural Products—		
Fruits—green.....		4
Manufactures—		
Iron—pig and scrap, castings, hardware, etc.....		228
Sewing machines.....	2	40
Wood m'fs of all kinds....		72
Other articles.....		2,402
Miscellaneous articles.....		249
Total.....		\$ 2,995
Bullion—Gold and silver...		2,910
Grand total.....		\$ 5,905
Total exports of all kinds.....		\$764,587

in the charters of many public companies which have obtained incorporation by the Legislature. If there is anything objectionable—as we claim that there is—in the employment of Chinese on Provin-

cial public works, does not the argument tell with just as much force against aliens from the United States, where Canadian labor is put under the most serious disabilities?—*Commercial Journal*.

THE CHEAPEST GROCER IN VICTORIA IS H. STADTHAGEN,

165½ DOUGLAS ST. second house from Chatham.

LOOK AT THESE PRICES :

1 Sack Ogilvie's Hungarian Patent Flour.....\$1 15	1 Sack 50 lbs. English Salt..... 60	1 Box 20 Bars Penderay's Electric Soap. 80
1 Sack Early Rose Potatoes..... 90	2 Large Packages Cocoanut (Schepps). 25	6 lb. Tin of Jam (Lion Brand)..... 50
1 Tin of Pratts Astral Oil..... 1 45	4 lbs Smith's Soda Crackers..... 25	4 lb. Tin of Marmelade (Lion Brand).. 50
3½ lbs. New Raisins or Currants..... 25	1 lb. Choice Christie Brown's Biscuits. 25	1 lb. Choice Java Coffee..... 20
2 lbs. Dried Apples or Prunes..... 25	5 lb. Box of Choice Congo Tea..... 90	1 lb. Tin Champion Baking Powder.. 20
5 lbs. White or Brown Beans, or Rice.. 25	1 lb. Choice Candy..... 15	1 lb. Mixed Candied Peels, (this season)..... 25
4 lbs. Lima Beans..... 25	1 lb. Cartoon Washing Starch..... 10	Bread, 6 Large Loaves or Tickets... 25
	1 Large Package Cornstarch..... 10	
	1 Tin of Coleman's Mustard..... 15	

These are a few of the Prices. All other goods are also very Cheap.

PLEASE GIVE ME A CALL.

I deliver and ship all goods Free of Charge, no matter how far you may live.

H. STADTHAGEN,

THE CHEAP GROCER, Douglas St., second house from Chatham.

SPORTING GOSSIP.

THERE is sure to be a kick coming every time horse races are attempted to be run off in Victoria. If the dissatisfaction does not crop up in some expected quarter, then it comes from a totally different direction. No matter how promising the conditions may be, you can count on something going wrong. This time it is the judges. The ruling of the officials, in the mile and a fifth, with Doncaster, All Smoke, and Rifton entered, has been the talk of the town, and incidentally caused a great amount of grinning at their absolutely stupid mistakes. It is without doubt the most ludicrous occurrence in the history of horse racing, and it would be a difficult thing to find a parallel in any way approximating to the farcial aspects of the affair. The joke happened in this way. Rifton was leading as the horses rounded the eastern turn of the oval. Messrs. Miller, Tolmie, Boggs, Seaife and Shore, were lined up in a row in the very front of the judge's stand, and there was absolutely nothing in the way of a clear, unobstructed view of the finish. After the horses passed under the wire, the spectators were amazed to discover that the judges had posted Rifton for second place, when both Doncaster and All Smoke had passed Milington's mount at the end of the stretch. The *Colonist*

reporter, who had been standing with the Vancouver *World* man, and a member of the sports and games committee, at the back of the stand, politely enquired as to whether a mistake had not been made. He was sure that Rifton had come in last. The gentlemanly question received a very curt reply. "We are the judges" came in contemptuous tones. The three dissenters were perfectly astounded at the rank injustice that was being perpetrated on the owner of All Smoke. They were prepared to take their oath that the decision was off color, but concluded that it would be better to maintain a discreet silence, seeing that the judges were so complacently contented with the soundness of their own opinions. Soon disgruntled spectators began to appear and noisily protest. The judges listened impatiently at first, but afterwards finding such general grumbling and complaints from all sides, resolved to reconsider their ruling. "Let's call it a clerical error," suggested one, as a plausible way of getting out of the difficulty with easy honors. The poor judges were disconcerted, and it was certainly humiliating to have their decisions revised by the grand stand. Then Mr. Munroe Miller addressed the people. He said that a mistake had been made. That fallibility was common to mankind, and that even judges were not above error. He practi-

cally confessed that the judges knew nothing about the results of the race, and pleaded in extenuation that intruders had interfered with their duties. The truth was that the intruders were behind the judges by several feet, and the attempted explanation of Mr. Miller did not by any means improve matters, but added disingenuousness to incompetence. It was a clumsy, bare-faced effort to shift the blame on others. After this lamentable display of most inexcusable blundering, it will be folly to expect people to have any confidence in racing decisions where the results are in any way close or doubtful. No one for a moment thinks that the other officials approve or endorse Mr. Miller's remarks, when he craftily tried to crawl through the only available loop-hole. The more one considers the circumstances, the more incomprehensible and mysterious the whole business appears. It is incredible how five people, with nothing obtruding their view, could be so faulty in judgment. Were they hyponotized? Are they near-sighted and in need of green goggles? It is useless to account for it all. In any event, a judge's decision should be final. There is no authority to revise. Apparently the rules did not anticipate spectacled referees. Before concluding, I must cite another instance of the way in which these races are conducted. In the second heat of the trotting race between Mr. Cowan's Johnie

and Primero, when the word "go" was uttered by Mr. Miller, Primero was not up to the wire. According to all rules, the race is void, unless the horses have crossed the starting point at the signal.

There are other grievances in the way of crude time-keeping, etc., but enough has been said to show that there is need of immediate changes, if the interest of racing and the confidence of the public are to be considered.

The tug-of-war at the Exhibition was a great failure. Mr. Tulloch's claim, that putting hands on the cleats constitutes a foul, is questionable. I am assured by a gentleman who is conversant with tug-of-war rules, and who attended the San Francisco and other tournaments, that no such rule prevailed. Under any circumstances, the sub-committee appointed to draft rules to govern the contest, did not specify any such condition in the printed programme. Under what authority did Mr. Tulloch instruct the competing teams that putting hands on the cleats would operate as a foul? As referee, his plain duty was to interpret the rules laid down by the committee, not to create new ones. The whole difficulty was caused, it is reported by one of the fair officials, who, with a lantern went spying around when the lights went out, and found the Canadian anchor man adjusting his belt, which necessitated resting one hand on the cleats. The matter was then reported to the referee, who lost his head in the excitement of the moment, and off went the pistol.

The date for the lacrosse match between the Victoria seniors and the Westminster seniors has not yet been definitely decided upon, but it is thought probable that next Saturday will be the day, and the place Vancouver. Westminster is not anxious to play on the Victoria grounds, although they are aware that the gate receipts from a match in this city would be at least twice as large as in any other place in the Province. On the other hand the Victoria boys will not under any circumstances run a risk of a repetition of the treatment they received during the late match at Westminster. Wherever the game is played, it will be one worth going miles to see.

OLD SPORT.

The many friends of the family of Mr. Thos. Burnes will sympathize with them in the loss of Charles J. Burnes. Charlie was an amiable young fellow, and had numerous friends.

The British Columbia Iron Works Co., have been awarded the contract for furnishing the Vancouver City electric light plant, at a cost of \$56,393.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

THE ball of the season was given Thursday evening at "Craigdarroch," the residence of Mrs. Robert Dunsmuir. The ballroom was handsomely decorated. Richardson's full orchestra furnished the music. Everything pertaining to the ball passed off smoothly which was pronounced the event of the season. Among the guests were Capt. Trench, R. N., Lieut. Godfrey Faucett, R. N., Dr. Brown, R. N., Lieut. Loring, R. N., Lieut. Nicholson, R. N., Capt. Allen, R. N., Lieut. Davie, Lieut. Gordon, Lieut. Barnes, Mr. Justice Crease, the Misses Crease, Miss Ward, Hon. C. E. and Mrs. Pooley, the Misses Pooley, Mr. Bryan Drake, the Misses Drake, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bryden, Mr. and Mrs. H. Croft, Hon. J. H. and Mrs. Turner, Col. Roberts, U.S. Consul, and Mrs. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Marvin, Mr. and Mrs. Bridgeman, Mr. and Mrs. Archer Martin, Messrs. Lindley Crease, Arthur Crease, J. McB. Smith, A. G. Smith, D. A. G., J. F. Foulkes, E. A. Jacob, the Misses Harvey, Col. Le Poer Trench and Mrs. Trench, Miss Cox, Miss Powell, the Misses Lowen, Mrs. D. M. Eberts, Dr. and Mrs. Eberts, Mrs. Charles, Miss Charles, Mrs. and Miss O'Reilly, Mrs. Langley, Mr. and Mrs. Barclay, Miss Musgrave, the Misses Langley, Mrs. Burton, Mrs. Walken, Captain A. W. Jones, Capt. Palmer, Col. Prior, and Messrs. N. P. Snowden, Forbes Vernon, C. W. Rhodes, E. J. Prior, Jack O'Reilly, H. M. Hills, C. Stahlschmidt, W. H. Langley, Cecil, Frank and Geo. Ward, L. H. Webber, C. H. A. Pearce, E. A. Carsew-Gibson, M. Godsall, C. Long, C. Perkins, W. Ferris, H. Paine, H. F. Mytten and Mr. Bullen.

Charles Mulhern and Miss Mary McKinnon, of Vancouver, were united in marriage on the evening of October 8th by Rev. E. D. McLaren. The bride was supported by Miss Brown and the groomsmen was Malcolm McKinnon, brother of the bride. After a recherche supper, followed by a drive around the city, they repaired to their new home amidst the congratulations of a number of friends who wished them a prosperous journey "hand-in-hand together."

The A. O. U. W. will give a grand entertainment, consisting of concert and social dance on Tuesday evening, 30th inst. The new hall and building will be completed and furnished and the entertainment will be a housewarming to the members of the order and their friends.

Herbert A. Tiedeman, the well-known bicyclist, who has been in the employ of M. W. Waitt & Co., for some years, will

leave on the 25th inst., for Oakland, California.

It is said that the Arion Club will give their first concert this season on Monday evening 29th inst.

The Annual Charity Ball will, it is expected, be given about the 24th inst.

THE LATE SAMUEL S. HYAMS.

Mr. Samuel S. Hyams' death last Tuesday caused much regret among a numerous circle of friends. Mr. Hyams came to the coast in the early sixties, and his kindly, open-hearted disposition will be a pleasing remembrance to old-timers. For long years, he bore, with cheerfulness and resignation, the great suffering caused by that rare affliction, which we are advised to technically style, "curvature of the bone." Throughout his suffering, his life was rendered beautiful by his implicit faith in the compensations of religion, and if pure living has its befitting reward in the hereafter, his crown will be greater than that of the many, whose chief care is the indulgence of self. Mr. Hyams was a devout Hebrew, being especially well informed in the history and literature of his people. His lectures in the Synagogue were scholarly for a layman, evidencing a deep insight into philosophy and oriental lore. For a time Mr. Hyams was connected with Harvard University Museum, where he became quite proficient in anatomy. He was also engaged by anatomical institutions in New York, Chicago and San Francisco, and for many years was in receipt of a royalty from numerous structural figures shewing the progress of human diseases through their various stages. Mr. Hyams was a cousin of the well-known eastern actress—Mrs. Jeffreys Lewis.

THE new U. S. tariff has enabled British Columbia coal to enter the United States in successful competition with the American product and under the same law a vessel has been chartered to carry a cargo of British Columbia lumber to San Francisco.

NANAIMO'S recent fire, it is understood, has been the means of teaching practical lessons to the city fathers of the Coal City who, it is said, now appreciate the necessity of improved appliances and of a better trained body of firemen. The majority of the brigade in Nanaimo are volunteers, and if they are prepared, as it is said they are, to qualify themselves more effectively to perform their duties, the city authorities ought most certainly to furnish them with the necessary instruction and facilities.

A PIECE OF CLOTH.

WHEN I was on the detective force—by the way, my name is Jack Hindson, at your service—I had a case on my hands that baffled me. I wanted to get on, for I was at that time engaged to Kitty Pease, and she had said that though she was very fond of me, she did not mean to marry me until I had enough to marry on, which I should have as soon as I had found out the party who committed a certain murder.

Mrs. Jeffries, a rich, miserly sort of old lady, had been found dead in her bed, murdered by some one. No one knew who it was.

Everybody was under suspicion. A man-servant, who had been dismissed weeks before; a dissipated nephew, who had quarrelled with her; a peddler; a man who had mended the roof. But it seemed likely that no one would be actually proved guilty. To be sure, the nephew would come in for her property, being her only relative; but though he had been to the door that evening, he had been seen to go away again and no doors were found unlocked, and the servant had to call for help before the bedroom door could be broken in.

The only clue I had was a bit of black cloth, clutched tight in the dead woman's hand—a fine bit of old black broad-cloth torn in quite a singular shape. We hid the fact that this had been found from the newspaper men, and I was looking for the coat it had been pulled out of. That would be my chance.

The dismissed servant was a waiter, but I bribed myself into a chance of seeing his black coat off duty, and it had not been torn or patched. I hunted up the nephew's boarding house, and got into his room under pretence of having been sent from the telegraph office to see the wires, but his clothes were all of thick, coarse cloth. I talked these things all over to Kitty, and she set her wits to work to help me. She asked me to let her go to the old lady's home, and show her the room she had slept in; and she went out on the roof, as I had done many a time, and went along first in one direction and then in another, looking at all the scuttle doors, until I thought she would go off into the street; but she stopped at the last of the row and beckoned me. I hurried up.

Close to the scuttle door lay a little black button.

"This belongs to the garment the bit of cloth came from," she said, "There are blacks and blacks. This is a button that matches that black. Not a blue-black, nor a brownish black, nor a foxy black, but a black that is almost invisible green. Do you know No. 100?"

"It's a very respectable first-class boarding house," said I.

"Will they take ladies?" she asked.

"If they are well introduced."

"I shall go there to board."

Next day I got a card from her—she hadn't been in the habit of having cards—with that address on it. I called. She came down to see me in her best black silk, with her bonnet and mantilla on.

There was an old lady in the room. She introduced me to her and then said she was ready. I took the hint. We went out together.

"Of course, you know why I came here," she said. "I'm spending all my salary, and wearing my best clothes; but I've found something out already. Mrs. Jeffries' nephew calls here sometimes. He calls on a young widow, who has the upper front room. He has been engaged to her for some time."

She paused a long time and then said: "He was here the night of the murder."

"Well!" I said. "Has she let him out upon the roof?"

"I wished you wouldn't ask me any questions," said Kitty. "I shall know before long. When I send for you, come at once. Will you let me have that bit of cloth?"

"It's more precious than diamonds," I said.

Her answer was:

"Yes, I know it." She put it into her pocket-book. "I have changed my room," she remarked. "I am next to her. There is a locked door between us. That is all. And I have made a peep hole."

"You are a born detective; but as this widow is respectable, you can't watch young Jeffries that way."

"Yesterday," she said, without answering me, "Jeffries called. I saw him coming up the street, and hid behind a screen in the parlor. I should have pretended to be asleep in a chair there had I been seen, but no one found me out. She came to him, and he talked like an innocent man."

"The poor old woman has done me another injury by getting herself murdered," he said. "I believe I'm suspected, because I shall profit by her death. Why, what do they take me for? I wonder who killed her? They say nothing was gone."

"Whoever it was, you ought to be thankful that the crabbed creature is dead," she said. "Some common burglar; of course. She'd scream and shriek if she saw one at her jewel-case, and get herself killed."

"Well, poor old woman, I'd have been his death if I had been near," Jeffries said. "She wasn't half bad. She never made a will and left things away from me, as she might, after I told her I'd never cringe to her for her favor."

Hang it, I wish I wasn't her heir. People will suspect me, secretly, perhaps. I can prove I wasn't inside the house that night; but you know how the papers talked. Poor Bitzner, the roofer, came to me and cried over what they said about him. Kill Aunt Jessy! Why—good Lord——"

"You used to call her Aunt Jezebel," said the widow; Mrs. Mull is her name.

"Yes, I'm sorry I did; but she had a temper," said Mr. Jeffries. "I've a mind not to take the money."

"Then I shan't take you," said Mrs. Mull. "Such an idiot; and I should be ashamed of you."

"See here!" Kitty handed me an address on a piece of paper. It was Mrs. Preston Mull, at a certain number, Chestnut street. "It is her mother-in-law. Can you send our Mrs. Mull—Eliza Mull—a telegram, saying: 'Come at once to this address?' she asked.

"I can," said I.

"Do it," said she. "No don't ask me. I am helping you. I have my thoughts. Now take me home."

I took her home, and telegraphed to a brother detective to telegraph to the widow, and I waited and watched. I saw her get into a carriage and go away. I followed and saw her take the train. If Kitty wanted her out of the way, she was safe.

A few hours afterwards I received a note:

"Disguise yourself as an old woman, and come here at once. Come in a cab. Wear a thick black veil. Send up word that you are my aunt Agnes. Lose no time."

I lost none. As I went slowly up the stairs, with my black veil down, I could hear my heart beat. Kitty opened the door, called out, "Why aunty, dear!" and shut it.

"I have opened the door between my room and Mrs. Mull's," she said. "I have found something. I can't appear in this matter. You must see for yourself."

She led me into the handsome room, and went to a wardrobe. There from beneath other dresses, she drew a plainly cut coat, or redingote, of thin black cloth, with many buttons down the front, and spread it on a chair. About the height of the knees a piece was torn away and a button gone.

"Hush?" she said; we don't know who may be listening. Make no sound."

Then she took the bit of cloth from her pocket, fitted it to the rent, and laid the button on it.

"The piece of cloth found in dead Mrs. Jeffries' hand came from this garment," was her remark.

"Yes," I said; "she must have disguised him in it. But—why——"

"Goosey!" said Kitty. "Mr. Jeffries

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could not get into this. Mrs. Mull wore it herself. Mrs. Mull killed old Mrs. Jeffries. The nephew knows nothing about it—guesses nothing. This wicked woman wanted to marry him when he had inherited the estate. She has done it. I watched her through the peep-hole I had made. I saw her writhe in agony, and, without speaking a word, wring her hands and tear her hair. It was an awful sight, but I knew it was a guilty conscience that moved her. There—you have it all in your own hands now. I'll go and tell Mrs. G—— that I have news which must take me away, pay her my board, and go with you in the cab."

I left her at her own door. Mrs. Mull was arrested at the station on her return, and it was all as Kitty said. She made full confession. She had conceived the idea of murdering the old woman that her nephew might get the money, and she had hoped the roof-mender would be charged with the crime.

She was a fiend in female form, but the thought that I had driven a woman to the gallows haunted me and sickened me of the detective business which I left very soon.

Kitty and I are keeping a little hotel now, and prospering very well.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

ALL the Queen's horses at Windsor Castle are white or gray. All that draw the royal carriages from Buckingham palace, London, are prancing bays. She keeps about 60 horses at Windsor alone, having besides the grays a large number of saddle horses and some bays for the carriages of the ladies in waiting and for other retainers not members of the royal family. The horses are sleek and fat, not very high, but stocky, and weigh 1,000 to 1,100 pounds apiece. They are fed chiefly on cracked corn and hay and are too fat for good driving, but the Queen prefers gentle horses and does not care for speed.

Every day when she is at Windsor she rides in the magnificent park adjoining the Castle. No matter what the weather is, she takes her drive. All the horses not otherwise used are driven daily for exercise. They do not have box stalls, but the stalls are twice the usual width, and the horses are tied with long chains so that they have much freedom. The divisions between the stalls are quite low, and the ventilation is perfect. The horses are bedded with clean straw day and night. The hay is not let down from an upper floor, but is placed in the mangers by hand. Everything about the stable is scrupulously clean, and the place is as free from odor as a lady's boudoir. The royal carriages are very roomy and heavy. They would not be worn out in

a lifetime even if put to constant use. The harness room is an exhibition of itself. One could hardly believe that the harnesses were not new, they were so clean and glistening. The trimmings are of brass. Neither the Queen's horses nor carriages are ever sold. When the horses are past their prime, they are shot, and the old carriages are kept until they fall to pieces.

When a dinner or luncheon is given by her parents, the daughter of the house should be the one to slip away unobserved to add the last touches to the table and see if everything is as it should be, to note the temperature of the dining room, to put the name cards at the places assigned and to be accessible in case of emergency, writes Mrs. Burton Kingsland in a thoughtful article on "The Daughter in the Home," in *Ladies' Home Journal*.

It is especially the province of the daughter of the house to take an interest in the adornment of rooms and table. Her mind, relieved of weightier responsibilities, is at leisure to conjure up dainty and artistic effects which are always appreciated. The arrangement of the flowers for the table naturally devolves upon her unless one have recourse to a florist's services.

Best of all, she can help her mother socially by being "good and glad." A young girl, with her eager, joyous outlook on to life, full of the spirit of innocent and friendly hospitality, lavish in the bestowal of smiles and cordial greetings, and with her radiant expression of delighted interest in everything and everybody, is enough to put a whole roomful in good humor.

The lives of Turkish women are dull and monotonous in the extreme; but, Friday being the day they go to mosque or to visit their cemeteries, they often take that opportunity to look at the soldiers passing by. On the Bechiktache road you see numbers of them squatted on the curbstone, where they remain for hours, chatting and looking about them. They make a pretty picture *en masse*, with their bright dresses of every hue—harmony of color is unknown in Turkey—and they carry parasols, which are also always of the gayest colors.

They must be much attached to their parasols, for you never see them—even as late as 8 or 9 o'clock at night—but they have their parasols open, getting shade from something. It cannot be the sun. No flatterer could call Turkish women either pretty or elegant, for they are simply a mass of clothing, without any shape. They have very large feet, clad in white cotton stockings, and they walk badly, so that their charms—no doubt they have many—only become known on

acquaintance. The "yashmak" is a very becoming addition to their attire. It makes the plainest woman look nice.

You sometimes get rather a shock when it is taken off, so many women bear the traces of smallpox. Their bills for cosmetics must often be a little startling. Hands, feet, hair, eyes and complexion are generally "improved," according to their ideas. To see the soles of their feet, the nails and palms of their hands dyed brown with henna is the reverse of pretty, and the "beauty" of orange colored hair I fail to perceive. They always tell Franks that only in Turkey do you see beautiful women.

COLD STORAGE.

It is announced as one of the results of the British embargo against Canadian cattle that it will stimulate action in the direction of the export of dressed meat. In the *Farmer's Advocate* we observe an article entitled "Dressed Meat vs. Live Cattle Shipping." In this it is set forth as a generally recognized fact that the refrigerator system is the one by which cattle can be most economically shipped to foreign markets, while it retains in the country the money expended on the killing and preparation of the carcasses as well as that which is employed in the utilization of the offal. This is an argument in favor of the cold storage system as already established in Victoria, and about to be established in Westminster in connection with the local market.

If the saving be so decided in connection with the shipment to Europe of cattle by the carcass instead of on the hoof, it surely is an important consideration when one thinks of the loss that is annually sustained by the Mainland cattle raisers by their animals dying through disease and privation, whereas if they are killed and put into cold storage at the beginning of the winter, while at their prime, there is not only the avoidance of the mortality risk but the cost of food and attention is saved, the meats finding their way to market while at their very best. So far, the Victoria refrigerator has been fairly well patronized, and we expect that after the experiences which it has had, the cold storage will be much more largely made available than it has been.—*Commercial Journal*.

It was noticeable that in some parts of the United States and Canada, Labor Day was taken comparatively little stock in, for the reason that the element most interested had not as they said been consulted in the selection of the day. We note now, however, that the courts of Quebec have endorsed the holiday by declaring that the service of legal papers upon it was not legal. The holiday, therefore, stands with all that it implies.

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MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE annual harvest home banquet was held in the Metropolitan Church school room, last Tuesday evening, being presided over by the Ladies' Aid Society. The tables fairly sang out with the weight of attractive edibles which were dispensed by the fair sex, becomingly attired. Upon retiring to the church, the large company were regaled with the following select musical bill of fare: Reading, "The True Harvest," Miss Strachan; song, "Love's Old Sweet Song," charmingly sung by Miss Honour; song, "At the Mercy of the Waves," a beautiful composition, finely sung by Mr. W. E. Buck, who is the author of both words and music, and was awarded a double recall; song, "Little Bird," Madame Laird, which well suited her style, and was redemanded; reading, by Rev. S. Cleaver, humorously describing the spoilt boy; air, "Then You'll Remember Me," Mr. Pilling, a young and very promising singer, possessing a pure tenor voice with a high compass. He was rapturously encored; ballad, "Adieu Marie," Miss

Jameson, whose crystal-like higher tones rang out clearly and strong, her sympathetic style bringing forth loud plaudits. She responded with a pretty Scotch ballad. Rev. Mr. Cleaver acted as chairman, Mrs. Drury as an efficient accompanist, and Mr. Buck as musical director.

"The Fast Mail" attracted a good sized house at the Victoria last evening, and, judging from the shouts of delight that greeted the succession of interesting scenic effects throughout four lively acts, the play may be said to have given general satisfaction. The drama is on the heroic and sensational line, with the regular order of dramatic creation reversed, the scenic and mechanical effects being the predominating features, with the actors as feeders for their proper and timely introduction. These stage effects are sufficiently realistic to afford a pleasant evening's entertainment. It is a gallery piece in which the "gods" have a full opportunity to shout themselves hoarse; and last night was no exception to the rule.

Ezra Kendall and his excellent company will be seen for the first time in this city at The Victoria on the evening of the 17th. For ten seasons Mr. Kendall and Miss Jennie Dunn delighted theatre-goers in a farce comedy entitled "A Pair of Kids." It was one of the first of the plays known as farce comedies, and strange to say it has retained its drawing powers through all these years. "A Substitute" is the name of the piece to be given here, and in it Mr. Kendall is said to have secured a part which will keep any audience in continual roars of laughter.

"Charlie's Aunt" comes to The Victoria Oct. 23rd and 24th.

"The Meeting of the Nations," entertainment is to take place in the new A. O. U. W. hall, Yates street, on Wednesday, Nov. 7th. There will be twelve nationalities represented in songs and appropriate costumes. The various details are already well advanced. Mr. W. E. Buck, the manager, is enthusiastic over this novel event, and promises some startling surprises.

Madame Laird, having engaged rooms at the Victoria School of Music, 43½ Government street, will be at the studio Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. Private residence is 161 Vancouver street.

Miss Florence Wey, A. C. T. M., late of Toronto College of Music, is expected to arrive Sunday evening from the East. Miss Wey has been unavoidably detained at Winnipeg with an attack of the grippe.

The Government have not, it will be admitted, been unnecessarily long in selecting a gentleman to replace Hon. Mr. Vernon in the Department of Lands and Works. At the recent election, he was left in a small minority. We are inclined to think, however, that had a few who voted against the Government from principle known beforehand that their votes would be the means of ousting one of the most popular and attentive heads of department, they would not have voted as they did. However that may be, Mr. Vernon was defeated, and now that matters requiring his personal attention have been disposed of, the defeated Minister has made way for Hon. G. B. Martin. The new member of the cabinet has occupied a seat in the Legislature for a number of years, during which he has occupied a prominent position as Chairman of Committees and as a participant in the debates. In fact, he has been all along looked upon as a coming man, and we have no doubt will worthily discharge the duties devolving upon him.

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COLLABORATEURS.

BY S. D. SCHULTZ.

CHAPTER IV (Continued).

"ONCE, I thought it would be just heavenly for a fellow to get all broken up over some pretty girl, but I don't half enjoy the idea now, since I'm really in love, and see no way out of it. To my notion, love seemed some impossible emotion, and I concluded that novelists and crazy people of the same ilk were the only ones who possessed the key unlocking the mysteries of the divine passion. The creations of feminine loveliness to be found in romantic literature quicken the imagination, but who ever expects this work-a-day world to develop undying devotion, or anything approaching the ardent attachments of fiction. We all have our ideals—vague, and, at the same time, altogether too fanciful and faultless to admit of realization. In all these dreams of future bliss, it never occurs to one that love might not be returned. To me, the great difficulty seemed to be to find one to love—love in its true meaning—earnestly, deeply, unselfishly. I was conceited enough to think, that if one could love, the problem of happiness would be solved. But, with love, it seems, one's troubles only begin, for loving does not always beget love. Can it be a spell that Ethel has cast over me? Does she possess some occult power, some secret charm, by which my senses are steeped in a frenzied delirium of ill-defined craving? Perhaps, after all, she may have nothing whatever to do with it, and to my imagination may be credited the entire mischief. Now, I have it. Imagination, no doubt, has transformed Ethel into an ideal being, out of all resemblance to the original. If love be mere imagination, the antidote is right at hand. I will simply imagine her the reverse of what she appears to be. Presto! Change! henceforth, Ethel, you are a wicked, deformed and ugly old witch."

Archer's theory was plausible enough, but the working it out not so easy of accomplishment as expected. The strongest wills become the weakest when fettered by the links of love.

Although Archer found that there was no speedy cure, in time Ethel's influence began to wane. To tell the truth, when he found it fading away, he was loath to part with all his dreams of enchantment, and even made attempts to revive the intoxicating images, filling his mental retina with all manner of halcyon visions, for if they held something of agony, there was also bliss; if there was bitterness, there was much of sweetness.

One Saturday morning, Archer stood at a street-corner, idly watching the passers-by. A young woman, with flaxen

hair and fair, lily-like complexion passed. She was dressed in deepest mourning. Her eyes rested on Archer's for one brief moment. There was something so pensive, so pathetic in the blue depths of her orbs, that he obeyed some sudden impulse and followed.

"What shadow could have possibly crept into her pure lovely face, robbing her eyes of their lustre, stealing the rose from her cheek?" he wondered as he walked behind her, and watched her graceful figure threading its way through the many pedestrians. Archer never questioned why he followed, and, without knowing hardly what he was doing, passed her two or three times, and stared into her face. She appeared altogether oblivious of his manifest attentions. Apparently, she had no particular destination in view, and went by the stores without even bestowing a passing glance at the tempting displays in the windows of fashionable milliners and modistes. There is always something wrong when a woman hasn't an eye for the latest styles in make-up and tint. Soon, they reached a residential thoroughfare, with trees and boulevards, and here and there a few stragglers taking it leisurely. The din and noise of bustling city life were getting fainter. His footsteps rang on the pavement in rapid succession to the echo of her own. So close, indeed, were they, that the sound of Archer's seemed to take up and continue those of the fair one in front. At last, it dawned upon her that some one was following. She turned around twice, and, the second time, suddenly recognized her unknown pursuer as identical with the stranger she had casually noticed at the street corner a little while back. At first it did not occur to her that she was being shadowed, but soon she discovered in alarm that this must be the case, for she found that whether quickening or moderating her pace, the individual behind her managed to maintain nearly the same distance between them. Her heart began to throb excitedly. It was a new experience to be tracked, and the more she heard the relentless footsteps, the more terrified she became. "What can possibly be his motive?" she anxiously thought. Then, she attempted to dismiss all fear by taking herself to task for thinking that the man, whoever he might be, was deliberately following her.

"I will test whether it is a case of intention or not," she finally resolved, not having succeeded in quieting her agitation. Crossing the street, she went up the other side. Archer mechanically did the same thing, but hadn't the slightest idea that he had been observed. He was following, he knew not why, and merely in response to some blind instinct. Neither did he notice that she had stopped, until he was brought to a sudden stand-still by

an angry rush of words, and, looking up, he caught sight of a face flushed with indignation.

"How dare you follow me. I'll call a policeman, you insolent fellow. You're no gentleman," came in tones of undisguised annoyance.

Before Archer could summon sufficient composure to reply, she had quickly walked away, leaving him a prey to shame and indignation. He hadn't entertained the remotest intention of speaking to her.

"I mustn't allow her to do me the injustice of thinking that I intended to insult her," he excitedly reflected, and took a few steps, meaning to overtake her and offer an apology, but, on consideration, he came to the conclusion that it would be folly to attempt any explanation, as under the circumstances, no one would blame her if she refused believing any statement he might proffer.

Just before reaching the end of the avenue, and after he had recovered sufficiently from the humiliation of being mistaken for a common "masher," a line of thought came with sudden force, and he stopped short in his walk as he reflected, at the same time straightening to his full height with an air of bravado.

"It's all over. I've forgotten Ethel. I'm free once more. It would be silly and hypocritical to talk of love, when I find myself following an unknown maiden for blocks and blocks. It would be useless now for me to claim constancy. If anyone ever gets wind of this escapade, my reputation will be torn to shreds. I will be called a fickle flirt, an incorrigible 'masher,' etc. I suppose every man has to make a fool of himself once in a lifetime, and the great majority can't help making fools of themselves all the time. It is only the ignorant who never do anything amiss, because they are too self-opinionated to imagine themselves in the wrong. Nearly everyone, at some period of his existence, are either desperately smitten, or pretends to be a victim to Cupid's darts. Well! I'm right glad the whole business is over. It will be something to look back upon, anyhow. A great experience, and when any callow youngster, with averted, down cast eyes, asks me the question, whether there is such a thing as love, I will be able to look knowingly, and satisfy him in the manner of learned elders by appearing wise, and saying: 'Wait, my boy, you'll see.' Either that, or cause a wistful, disappointed look, by aping the cynic, and brusquely exclaiming 'No such thing; all bosh and rot and fiddlesticks. Human nature is too selfish for anything so transcendental.'"

CHAPTER V.

Parliament was to assemble in November, and a week before the formal open-

ing, Archer was told off to do the session. A place in the press gallery at Ottawa was looked upon as an enviable promotion, and next in order to the city editor's chair. He felt flattered by his selection for such an important post. It was an opportunity for a career, and he determined to invest the work allotted him with energy and enthusiasm. There would be the excitement of new and varied experiences. It would be a sphere of action, filled with a host of alluring associations. It would bring him in living touch with questions of grave national moment, with complex political issues, and there would also be an occasion for studying the representatives of the different provinces, their schemes, aims and ambitions, looking towards exalting the Dominion to a position among the nations, in consonance with her illimitable natural riches and boundless resources. It would be a broad field, peopled with ministers, parliamentarians, departmental officials, and in the background of the political vista was a hazy view of lobbying and other clogs on the machinery of government, by which beneficial measures are often obstructed by monopolistic cliques, and the interests of contending factions.

The session promised to be a memorable one. The crafty leader of the Government was suspected of the design of springing a sudden election, and the Opposition were preparing to embarrass the Ministerial programme by some spicy investigations.

There would be an enquiry involving allegations of undisguised partiality against a judge. There were other charges implying an arbitrary infringement of the functions of the jury, by which the sacred rights of a litigant to have a general verdict on all aspects of a case, had been encroached upon. This judge had arrogated to himself the prerogative of limiting the labors of the jury to the answering of mere interrogatories, some times inconsistent, and often of equivocal import. The true issue was lost sight of in a vain effort by judge and counsel to ascertain the findings of the jury on isolated and unconnected circumstances. At ruinous cost, appeals were taken from court to court, the simple facts upon which judgment hinged being buried under an avalanche of irrelevant and sophistical argument.

It was also charged that the evidence to be adduced respecting the motives influencing the judicial bias would be a perfect revelation of rampant corruption.

The enquiry would be further concerned with other grave irregularities, among which figured the startling averment that this judge had unwarrantably aspersed the characters of respectable citizens by making reckless reflections on their honor

and business integrity, and it was intimated that hot indignation had been aroused by the insults and lack of courtesy that fell to the lot of innocent litigants, who, in civil suits, had been treated like criminals. The papers contained editorials, in which the relative merits of the Canadian and American bench were canvassed. It had been argued on behalf of the British system, that the independence of the judges from all fear of dismissal at the whim of political parties would ensure the greatest protection to the people; but the very independence in some cases fostered a sort of absolutism, by which learned justices fancied that they had some divine authority, justifying them in indulging in caprice, rather than following strict precedent tempered with the wisdom of ripe experience, and leavened by an enlightened study of the times and the bending of obsolete doctrines into plastic conformity with the march of improvement in all the intricate domestic, social and commercial relations. A learned commentator states that "judicial tribunals have been almost uniformly distinguished for their immaculate purity, and we find the higher courts of civil judicature, generally and with rare exceptions, presenting the image of the sanctity of a temple, where truth and justice seemed to be enthroned." A judge should be clothed with the chaste vestments of the highest order of priesthood. He should be high-minded, and possess all the noblest attributes of humanity. Purity of purpose is as essential as scholastic attainment, and small marvel that the Canadian press was exercised over the charge that in the whole Canadian judicial sphere there could be found one, who had been stained with sordid motive.

(To be continued.)

The Victoria sealer "Triumph" had grand success during the season just closed, having taken no less than 4,560 seal skins during the season, 3,240 of them being the results of a little more than a month's hunting in Behring Sea. Among local sealers opinions differ as to the general outcome of the season, many holding that it will not come up to that of last year, both as to the number of pelts and the prices realized. These latter, it is feared, will be comparatively low, though as for quality it is held that it would be impossible to surpass those taken this year. The United States (San Francisco) sealers would appear to have been out of luck, while several schooners have been lost, and others have been seriously damaged when up north, thus materially jeopardizing their take. Altogether it is hard to form an estimate of the net results, but those who assume to speak with authority assert that the herds are decreasing in numbers.

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ESTAB. 1867

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LIGHT AND AIRY.

A Melange of Humor Interspersed With a Serious Item or Two

"Do you like kissing?" he asked. All surprises are pleasant," she replied demurely.—Harper's Bazar.

The Spectacled Girl—Have you read "Ships That Pass in the Night?" The Auburn-hair'd Girl—No. What kind are they—courtships?—Indianapolis Journal.

"Where is the bearded lady?" asked the manager. "It is time for the show to begin." "He went out to vote," explained the ossified man.—Indianapolis Journal.

Dibbs—If Mrs. Lease were as smart as some people think she is, she would make a fortune in a year. Bibbs—How? Dibbs—By exhibiting Mr. Lease through the country.—Puck.

Farmer—If you want work I'll give you a job. Wiggley Waggles—Well, I'd like to take advantage of yer offer, boss, but I sees a man comin' up the road that looks as if he had a family to support, an' as I'm a bachelor I will resign in his favor. Good day.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Well, why don't you say that you wish you were a man?" asked Mr. Potts during the little discussion he was having with his spouse about some matters of domestic management. "Because I don't wish anything of the sort," she retorted. "I only wish you were one."—Indianapolis Journal.

OBSERVATIONS.

The New York Observer suggests that clergymen really ought not to write so illegibly as to provoke the composers to commit them in of profanity.

It is said by experts that practical, even-tempered men usually write a plain, round hand, in which every letter is legible, and that more ambitious men write hastily and carelessly.

Mr. Wilmot and his boy, the juvenile Minister, have been searching all kinds of authority to justify their neglect to extend the salmon season this year, and, among others, quoted the *Journal of Commerce* as the leading commercial periodical of the Dominion to prove that no extension of the fishing season was necessary, the run having been enormous. Now, we would like to know what the paper in question can possibly know on the subject that is not known by the owners and the papers of this Province? They, who were on the spot, took a different view from the Minister and his commercial organ, whose claim to be the leading authority will doubtless be disputed by the *Monetary Times*, the *Trade Review* and other papers.

It is idle for Tupper to attempt to strengthen his position in this way, the more so as his authority is understood to have been inspired by him and then quoted as supporting his position. "Charlie, my boy, the thing is too thin; your father would not have made such an egregious fool of himself, nor would he have forced his subordinate inspector, MacNab, into coming out in a letter to the press giving the lie to those who are most directly interested in the salmon catch."

Now that evenings are lengthening, much home pleasure may be derived by giving a call at Sampson's Book Exchange.



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It contains valuable suggestions on new goods, what's coming and what's going; enables you to avoid old stock, to attract trade and to hold it.

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At store of Mr. John Richards cor. Michigan and Menzies streets Saturday, 6th Oct., from 7 to 9:30 p.m.

Besides the above places, voters can register at any time during the day at the offices of H. E. A. Robertson, W. Duck or S. D. Schultz, Barristers-at-Law, on Langley street.

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A PITIFUL CHARGE.

E. B. Harper, of the Mutual Reserve Fund, appears to always have some ground of grievance against the old line companies. Recently at a meeting of underwriters at Boston, he alleged that the managers of the old line "legal reserve" life insurance companies had connived with agents to defraud assessment life insurance companies by placing bad risks on their books and sharing profits. Very properly the "illustrious" assessment man has been called on to make good his statement; but we doubt if he will do so. He has thrown his shovelful of mud in the hope that some of it will stick, as it possibly may. Still, any one who thinks for a moment will see how impossible it is for Mr. Harper's allegations to be true. The lines between the assessment and old line companies are drawn sufficiently widely to prevent the connivance of agents, while the assessment Associations have, or ought to have, the best means of discriminating between good and bad risks before they are undertaken; otherwise the system is radically wrong.

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You will find that we have over five hundred (all different designs) Mantles, Capes, Jackets, Waterproofs, etc., and to open on Wednesday (by favor of N. P. R'y) TWO CASES OF GOLF CAPES. These garments were in the piece 60 days ago, and consequently will be the newest, and as they will be marked on our new ratio of CASH, rates will be the cheapest going, and you cannot fail to appreciate the fact.

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SAVORY'S CHAMPAGNE CIDER, being strictly the pure, highly refined juice extracted from home grown apples, is a healthy and temperate substitute at all times for champagne, claret, etc., and is superior to all cheap concoctions sold under the name of champagne.

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A class will be held Friday, Oct. 19th, at 2:30 p.m., for small children. Also private classes for children.

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TOO MUCH COMPETITION.

Another crank, for we cannot regard him as much else, arrived in San Francisco on the steamer "Monowai" from Sydney, Australia, with the avowed object of getting up a company to run steamers in opposition to the Oceanic and Canadian-Australian lines. Opposition, according to the commonly accepted maxim, is the life of trade; but there is quite enough competition already in the trade which is now being built up, and it is therefore to be hoped that at any rate in the meantime the endeavors of Mr. Witheford—for that is what the gentleman calls himself—will not meet with much encouragement. We are anxious to see trade with this continent and Australia developed in every possible way, but we are convinced that an attempt to place another line of steamships on the route will prove a failure, besides imperilling the prospects of the existing companies which cannot prosper—at any rate for the present—without more encouragement than that which business now affords.

F. H. Worlock, agent for Wells, Fargo & Co., Victoria, will also be agent for the Great Northern Express Co.

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See our \$20 Suits and
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That Cough

May lead to something worse.

TAKE

London Hospital Cough Cure,

And avert the danger.

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AN AMERICAN SHOT.

On the 30th January, Admiral Benham, of the United States navy, fired upon one of Admiral da Gama's Brazilian insurgent war-ships. He alleges he did it to impress the insurgents with the fact that when he said American interests in Rio harbor would be protected he meant it. The incident is a sensation of international interest, especially as German captains of navy have threatened to take similar action. Only one shot was fired that was intended to hit the target, but that was enough. It was a shell from the Detroit, and it sank into the rebel's stern post in a businesslike way that caused them to quickly hang out the signal for a cessation of hostilities.

The affair came about in this way: Several American merchantmen have been lying in Rio Harbor for some time now, anxious to discharge their cargoes at the wharves but fearing to do so because the rebel Admiral declared that he would fire upon them if they attempted it.

During a night attack upon the shore guard last week by rebels in launches two of these vessels, the Julia Rollins, from Baltimore, commanded by Capt. Kiehno, and the schooner Miffie J. H., from New York, commanded by Capt. Suttis, were fired on by the insurgents.

Complaint was made to the United States Admiral by these captains, and Admiral Benham at once informed Admiral Saldanha da Gama that United States vessels must be free to go and come anywhere within the harbor of Rio without fear of molestation of any kind. Da Gama demurred to this proposition, but did not formally repudiate it.

Accordingly Captain Blackford, commanding the American bark Amy, from Baltimore; Captain Myrick, commanding the American bark Good News, also from Baltimore, and Captain Kiehno, of the Julia Rollins, gave notice last Saturday that they were going to make fast their vessels to the Saudre piers. Admiral Da Gama at once sent word to Admiral Benham that if this attempt were made he would surely open fire upon the bold merchant men.

Admiral Benham immediately replied with spirit that the vessels would be protected in going to the piers by the Detroit and if further protection were needed the entire American squadron would see that the merchantmen got their rights.

The Detroit, accordingly, cleared her decks for action early Monday morning and started to lead the American vessels toward the wharves.

She had not gone far when Admiral da Gama signalled for the advancing fleet to come no further. Admiral Benham promptly signalled to the Detroit, "Go ahead!" and no sooner did Da Gama see

this than bang went one of his guns at the Detroit.

This shot hit nothing, so Captain Brownson, of the Detroit, was content to answer it only with a shot across the bows of the rebel man-of-war as a warning that he was in earnest.

Da Gama could not take a hint, however, and he fired again upon the Detroit. This showed Captain Brownson that further forbearance would be a mistake, so he let fly a small shell from one of his six inch guns.

This shell was intended to strike, and it did not miss the mark. It struck the stern post of the rebel ship with a crash that must have unpleasantly surprised the Brazilians, who were all unused to gunners who hit their target at the first discharge.

Without any more ado, and with all the speed possible, Da Gama signalled that he would cease firing, and doubtless he coupled it with a fervent prayer that the Yankee tars would see fit to do the same.

It was well he did so, for Captain Brownson was just preparing to give the rebel the benefit of a full broadside from his big guns, but noting the signal he mercifully forbore.

An American citizen, G. M. Rollins, who has acted as the agent of Admiral da Gama in the arbitration negotiations, had visited all three of the American merchantmen in the meantime and offered to have them towed at the expense of the insurgents if they would not go to the piers. This the captains of the merchantmen agreed to.

This arrangement was reported to Admiral da Gama on board his flagship, the Liberdade. He then said:—

"It is too late. The glass is broken. I must yield to this foreign fleet of superior force. I will resign and give my sword to the American Admiral."

Admiral da Gama called a council of his officers later in the day, expecting that all of them would seek an asylum on board the American fleet, but the younger officers would not yield.

It was stated at the council that Admiral Benham had offered Admiral da Gama and his officers asylum on board the American war ships.

What the final result of the trouble between the fleets will be is not known, but there is one thing that is evident to everybody, and that is that the American merchant vessels are protected in every part of the bay.

Admiral Benham said last night that Admiral da Gama, by his failure to surrender, had lost an easy way out of the trouble. He added:—

"However, that is nothing to me, but we have established our principle."

A conflict between the American and insurgent fleets is still possible. Admiral da Gama is angry because the younger officers are eager to fight. The Admiral said to a United Press correspondent:

"It would be better to be conquered by a foreign power than to yield later to Peixoto."

Admiral Benham said: "If Admiral da Gama was contending for any principle or position in which any civilized nation would sustain him he ought to make a fight, but he is wrong in law everywhere in opposing us."

The commander of the Austrian war-ship has asked Admiral Benham to be allowed to help in case of a fight. The German naval officers applaud Benham.

Admiral Benham now has two propositions regarding arbitration, but he will not reveal them. A settlement by such means, however, is a present improbable.

While angry at his decision, the insurgents comment upon Admiral Benham's great courtesy and tact in the negotiations.

Popular Novelists in Scotland.

The Librarian of the Public Library at Edinburgh, Mr. Hew Morison, has been giving statistics showing the number of times the works of different authors had been perused in the Edinburgh Public Library since the date of its opening. The most popular of Scott's novels were "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Guy Mannering," "Redguntlet," "The Betrothed," "The Pirate," and "Ivanhoe." Of Hardy's works, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" had been in constant demand since its publication. Meredith's works were also extensively patronized in Edinburgh; and the difference between the highest and lowest of his works in popularity was very low indeed. Rider Haggard's also stood high in point of issue. "She" was least in demand, and "King Solomon's Mines" and "Jes" most popular. Robert Louis Stevenson's writings were in perpetual request, and the same might be said, though to a less extent, of William Black and George MacDonald. Of the lady writers "Ouida" and Mrs. Henry Wood took first place, followed by Annie Swan and Miss Yonge.—Westminster Budget.

A Universal Friend.

Fruit is the poor man's friend, the rich man's luxury, the laborer's physician and the foe to patent medicine and quack doctors. There is no more royal road to health than that lined by trees of ripened fruit. The growth of trees, whether in the forest or in the orchard, takes from the soil the necessary nutriment both for the formation of wood and the development of fruit. To secure the most satisfactory development of fruit requires health and vigor of wood. But the growth of trees in a soil continually cropped is soil exhaustion, and if continued for a term of years with no restoration of fertilizing material, the conditions become unfavorable to any healthy growth of wood fibre. It is under such conditions as these that fruit rapidly deteriorates or fails of production.

Farm Fagots.

Keep the calf growing from the start if the best grade of beef and the highest market rates are expected.

Hire the best help that can be found, and pay it what it is worth. One good, competent farm hand is worth two or three incompetents.

Sheep raising in Algeria is on the wane, despite the efforts of the French government to encourage it—the decline running through several years. At present the country claims 8,896,000 sheep.

A Serious Smashup.

Spencer—What is the cause of Ponderly's illness? I hear he is laid up with nervous prostration.

Ferguson—Yes. The result of a mental accident.

Spencer—A mental accident!

Ferguson—Yes. A collision between two trains of thought.

Provision is to be made for greatly enlarging the British museum. Five and a half acres will be added to the nine acres already occupied, through purchase from the duke of Bedford.

A present of a hundred repeating rifles and eight thousand cartridges has just been made by the Austrian ministry of war to the Freeland association, which has started a socialist colony in Africa to preach and practice the protherhood of man.

An international exhibition of book and paper industries is to be opened in Paris in July next. It will comprise the various branches of the manufacture of books and paper, as well as the machinery, implements and material used in printing and illustrating books.

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